

THE TURN OF THE PAGE

By Frank Filson.

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"Come along, 752," said the head warden cheerfully, clapping an enormous hand upon the young man's shoulder. "The chief wants to say good-bye to you."

The convict stepped out of his cell and followed the head war-



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der obediently. Three years of discipline had taught him to ask no questions, to demand no reasons. He hardly dared to hope that the pardon board had granted his petition.

"Tention! Eyes front!" said the head warden mechanically, and the convict mechanically

obeyed. But the governor stretched out his hand and took the convict's in a hearty clasp.

"The board of pardons has granted you your freedom, Graves," he said. "I strongly recommended it at the last monthly meeting. I know that you will run straight in future. If you shouldn't remember that the dishonor and shame will be mine, and it will be just so much harder for the rest of us. Here's a letter from your mother in Mapleton," he added, handing the missive to the prisoner.

Graves read it and the governor watched him curiously. The young fellow had impressed him favorably ever since he had entered the penitentiary three years before to serve a first sentence for forgery. He had been a model prisoner; but he seemed curiously hard. Even now he seemed unaffected either by the letter or by his release. He folded the missive and put it in the handkerchief pocket of his serge tunic.

"Yes, sir, I'll run straight in future," he answered.

"Good," answered the governor. "And my advice to you is, go home to your mother. You have about thirty-seven dollars coming to you. Go home, face the world in your home town, be a man and begin your life anew. You will find people kinder than you imagine. Good morning."

He grasped the prisoner's hand again and dismissed him. Graves went out. Subdued and deferential though he seemed, he remained totally unmoved. The